

ALASKA SENTINEL.

VOL. 3, NO. 35

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905

\$2.00 PER YEAR

BILLY BUSTER

Has come to Town!

HE IS A FRIEND OF THE BOYS!

Billy has Brass Eyes and a Steel Bottom, that never wears out.

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Carlyon's,

If you wish to see Billy.

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For Woodsky and west coast Prince of Wales Points

Close connection with Steamer "Spray" for Copper Mountain, Sulzer and all points on the lower end of the island.

Monday of each week at 6 A. M.

For particulars, call on

CYRUS F. ORR Master

Work of The Council.

Mayor Jensen, Clerk Worden and the full board of Councilmen were present at the regular monthly meeting last Thursday evening, to transact the business for July.

The minutes of regular and called meeting in June were read and approved.

A communication from attorney R. W. Jennings, regarding an extension of the boundary lines of the town, stating that the matter would be brought before the Court at as early a date as possible, was read and filed, as was also a communication from the Alaska Club, Seattle, regarding the death of Capt. Hansen.

The fire committee were instructed to have the rubbish removed from vacant building on front street, to lessen the danger from fire.

Some dangerous places in the walks were reported, and the street committee were instructed to have necessary repairs made.

The school building committee reported that the putting in of sewer drain had been awarded to Henry Strasser, at 12 1/2 cents per foot, there being 385 feet of it. Also, that Mr. Stevens, who was to go over the work of the building to see that the work had been done according to plans and specifications, would not be ready to report till the next evening.

The question of night watchman and poundmaster came up. At the June meeting T. J. Case was elected to the position, provided he would fill both offices. He refused to act as poundmaster, and on the 4th of June mayor Jensen removed him and appointed M. H. Inman to the place. Mr. Case claimed a part of the salary covered by Inman's period, and claimed that he had not been legally removed. But the council, by unanimous vote, endorsed the action of the mayor in his removal of Case and the appointment of Inman, on the 4th.

For printing and publishing, A. V. R. Snyder was allowed \$5.80, and M. H. Inman was allowed \$3.50 for killing seven dogs.

On motion the council adjourned to Friday evening July 7th at 8 o'clock.

Friday evening, July 7th.

The council met as per adjournment, with a full board present.

Mr. E. Stevens, street builder whom the building committee had employed to examine the new school house to ascertain if the work had been done according to plans and specifications, reported that the work had been done as specified, except in cases where the council had allowed changes to be made. The report was adopted. A warm discussion arose over the proposition of removal of dirt and leveling off the ground in certain places, and mayor Jensen protested against accepting the work until the contractor complied with this, as he thought, a part of the work required of him. However, the council thought the contractor had done all that was required of him, and the work was accepted.

Bills allowed: M. H. Inman, night watchman, \$21; T. J. Case, rent of shack and night watch, \$13.50; C. L. Hamilton, balance on school building, \$1,497.49; R. E. Stevens, experting school building, \$15.

When the council was about to adjourn the following resolutions were introduced that, despite the protests of the mayor, were ordered printed:

Whereas, Nature by a supreme effort has created man, sometime in the image of his maker, and placed him on this footstool called the earth, to carry out a purpose not readily understood by all, and

Whereas, Some of these have been placed at a disadvantage by the isolated condition in which they were forced to live, prior to the date that Alaska fell into the hands of our present governor; and

Whereas, Certain chieftains have been so unkind as to suggest that your present mayor of Wrangell had no interest in seeing the population of Alaska, and more particularly Wrangell, increase in proportion to the increase of the natural resources in other ways; and

Whereas, The mayor of Wrangell is endowed with a spirit of liberality and is one of the most ardent admirers of large families, as well as the owner of considerable real estate in Wrangell; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Common Council, pledge our assistance, and urge that our worthy mayor accept our invitation to allow us to present him to the delegation of female school teachers who are about to visit Wrangell, promising that our Hon. Mayor will be accorded that respect that the dignity of his office entitles him to.

Resolved, That Gov. John G. Brady be tendered a vote of thanks for his success in getting a consignment of ladies of marriageable age to visit Alaska, at an early date in the matrimonial season.

And the council adjourned.

The Sports.

The sports arranged for the 4th, but postponed on account of the rain, came off Saturday evening as announced, and proved very interesting. There was some good running, jumping and vaulting, that showed that there are some very creditable athletes in town. Prize winners were:

Boys' race, under 15—Eddie Lynch, 1st. Will Steiner, 2nd. Eddie Collins, 3rd.

Boys' race, under 10—Lawrence Hargheim, 1st. Harry Coulter, 2nd. Freddie Choquette, 3rd.

Men's race, under 100—Albert Coulter, 1st. Harry Collins, 2nd.

Men's broad jump—Albert Coulter and Harry Collins tied.

Men's high jump—S. Freeman and Collins tied.

Pole vault, men—Coulter 1st, Lewis 2nd.

Pole vault, boys—Lynch 1st, Harry Coulter 2nd, Leonard Campbell 3rd.

Shot-putting contest, boys—Campbell 1st, Lynch 2nd, Choquette 3rd.

Sack race, boys—Lynch 1st, Loftus 2nd, Choquette 3rd.

Three-legged race, boys—Lynch and Snyder 1st, Loftus and Moore 2nd, Choquette and Hargheim 3rd.

The Boat Race was postponed to next Saturday evening at 7 o'clock, when, if the weather is favorable, it will take place off Reid's wharf.

Messrs. N. J. Svendsen, K. J. Knig, Louis Olsen and Peter King salmon over the mouth of the Stikine, brought their scow and pack over to town last week. Their pack consists of 21 crates, representing 16,800 pounds of first-class fish. With a good price, the gentlemen will make fairly good wages.

Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Dry Goods, Oiled Clothing

Gum Boots, Groceries,

HARDWARE, ETC.,

All at the Lowest Prices.

All Fresh Fruits in Season.

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Wrangell, Alaska.

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AGENTS FOR

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Trading Co.

Wrangell, Alaska.



PROGRAM OF SERVICES

—AT THE—

Peoples' Church for the Month of July.

Sunday, July 2—Subject: "The Characters of Hamilton and Jefferson"—a 4th of July sermon.

" " 9—Sermon by Rev. Mr. Jenkins.

" " 16—Service of Song. Address, "Hills and Plains"—a vacation sermon.

" " 23—Subject, "Can Men be Saved?"

" " 30—Subject—"What ought we to Pray for?"

Interpreted service, 10:30; Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30; Sunday School, 2:30; Christian Endeavor, 4; Evening Service, 7:30.

You are Earnestly Invited to Attend.

H. P. CORSER, Minister.

JOB PRINTING At the Sentinel Office

Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Etc., a specialty.

Last Thursday afternoon Wrangell was visited by three of Uncle Sam's most formidable fighting ships—not in a spirit of hostility, but in friendship, and kindly greeting. Rear Admiral Goodrich commanded the squadron, and the battleship Chicago was his flagship, with Capt. Moore commanding the ship. Capt. Holmes commanded the cruiser Marblehead, and the torpedo boat destroyer Perry is commanded by Capt. Schofield. The Chicago carries 460 men and the Marblehead 340 men, and both are fine looking vessels. The Perry is much smaller than the others, sitting close to the water as a duck, but close inspection shows her to be the most dangerous of the three craft in an encounter. The Perry carries 70 men. The vessels anchored off the front of town and the officers came ashore and spent an hour or more looking about town and interviewing our citizens, expressing themselves delighted with the location and general appearance of the place. At 4 p. m. they raised their anchors and steamed majestically out of the harbor for the westward. They are out on a tour of inspection and will visit Juneau, Skagway and Sitka and will go as far as the westward as Yakutat or Mt. St. Elias. The officers are a clever lot of men and have our permission to visit Wrangell again at any time.

John Mantle was up from his saltery last week and engaged twenty fishermen. From what he said he and Abe Wodage are real live heroes. One day recently as they were going down the shores of Anita Bay they discovered a big bear and went for him, without any gun. Overcoming brute, they clubbed him into insensibility, cut his throat with a pocket knife, pulled him into the boat, took him home, fed his carcass to the chickens and hung his skin up to dry. Patenande says this story sounds so "fishy," he wants it understood that it didn't originate in his shop.

Capt. van Hasselcher and the crew of the Prospector rowed in from Woodsky, last Friday evening. They were over to get a load of fish for the Shakan cannery and when at Woodsky one of the main pipes gave way and left them without motive power to propel their craft. The Capt. got the Ragnild to tow the Prospector to Shakan. Capt. van Hasselcher called at Sentinel office Saturday. He is a pleasant gentleman, and like the rest of those fellows from Ketchikan, talks for his home town best, last and all the time; and that's business.

The Mount Royal returned from her river trip last Thursday and remained with us till 4 a. m. Sunday when she pulled out for Fort Simpson and the Skeena river, bearing with her the best wishes of all Wrangellites. Capt. Johnson and his associates are jovial fellows and will always find a hearty welcome awaiting them at this place. The Mount Royal will return some time next month—probably about the 25th—for a trip up the Stikine. In her recent three trips she took to the interior about 350 tons.

Mr. Willoughby Clark, an attorney, who was at this place during the boom days and has since been in northern country, has been at Wrangell a portion of the past week, partly to visit friends and partly with an eye to business.

Donald Sinclair has a pharyngitis such as the natives were in their early days. Perhaps the most amusing and by far the most grotesque part of the 4th of July proceedings was when Kulu Charley rigged himself out in the boggy, and while an old woman beat the drum, half a dozen others chanted and Charley gave an imitation Indian song and dance. It was interesting and just about as graceful as the modern rag-time cake-walk.

Capt. Henry Finch, the diver, who is determined to locate the lost islander, and who was here two years ago, strapping for an anchor dropped by the Japanese came into this port Sunday with two vessels and all the appliances necessary for raising almost everything—except the bottom of the sea. He is after that anchor, in which there is a most \$500, and we hope he gets it.

At one Canadian port, at least, our National Independence Day was quite appropriately observed. The steamer Mount Royal was at Telegraph Creek, and all day long the Stars and Stripes floated proudly from her masthead. They had taken a lot of fireworks up with them, and in the evening put these off, making quite a display. And everybody enjoyed it.

Messrs. J. F. Collins and J. A. Mason have gone into the salmon fishing business in dead earnest. They have fitted up a large scow, with comfortable and commodious living quarters and will take it to the grounds for their operations. They will start in at Santa Ana, which is an excellent point for their business.

Peter McKay was 11 years old on the 11th, and in the evening he was tendered a surprise at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grant, which terminated very pleasantly. And now Peter is wishing that he could have birthdays often much as he dislikes to become old.

It seems as if our vegetables must have enemies. Two years ago the army worm devoured almost everything—this year the slugs or snails are after the cabbages.

Those dilapidated walks have been partially repaired; but the good work should not cease until they have all been thoroughly gone over.

Henry Nelson has brought in a number of specimens of ore from the glacier basin section that would gladden the heart of any old miner.

Woodbridge and Lowrey have returned to their Ham Island marble properties to push the work of further development.

Mrs. Worden went to Seattle on the Dolphin, last week, to be at the bedside of her sick father.

C. L. Hamilton is at work with a force of men making substantial repairs to Reid's wharf.

The Smith-Hollenbeck fishing crew, after spending the 4th in town, returned to their work.

Capt. Orr is expected with the latter part of the week with his new boat.

ALASKA SENTINEL.

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A. V. R. SNYDER

Editor and Proprietor.

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All work left with me will be

Promptly and Satisfactorily Done.

Shop in Cagle building, next door to Sinclair's store.

Wrangell, Alaska.

Estate of Thomas Willson. Estate of Rufus Sylvester.

Willson & Sylvester
ESTATE.

C. E. DAVIDSON, Receiver.

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Rough and Lumber, Mouldings and Sun
Dressed Lumber, Dried Salmon Boxes

Dealers in
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Select Sun-Dried Boat Lumber always on hand,
including Spruce, Red Cedar and Yellow Cedar.

Wrangell Fire Peat!

—Manufactured by—

JORGEN E. BERG.

Burns equally as well as coal, and will be sold cheaper
than wood or coal.

Ready for delivery by Sept. 1st.

At an adjourned council of Stikine Tribe No. 1, Sup. O. R. M., Wednesday evening, July 6, 1905, M. R. Rosenthal, Past Prophet, installed the following officers for the ensuing term: C. M. Coulter, Prophet; Wm. E. Lloyd, Sachem; H. D. Campbell, S. S.; Frank Goodrich, J. S.; A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.; J. E. Worden, K. of W.; J. G. Grant, Collot of W.; John Schuler, 1st S.; Geo. Edson, 2nd S.; Adolph Engstrom, 1st W.; John Kolb, 2nd W.; Wm. H. Lewis, 3rd W.; E. Goodwin, 4th W.; John Norton, G. of W.; Frank Dandy, G. of F.; L. A. Olsen, 1st B.; L. R. Milligan, 2nd B.; Wm. M. Taylor, 3rd B.; J. Cole, 4th B.; John Olsen and Ole Johnson, Scouts. The tribal trustees are Donald Sinclair, L. J. Cole and E. H. Lyons.

Two of the most formidable looking guns that have been seen in Wrangell, were sent up to marshal Grant from W. D. McLeod of Howkan, by the Clatawa. He had seen by the SENTINEL an account of the hairbreadth escape from death by bears, and sent these weapons up for the marshal's defense. One of these guns is an old Hudson Bay musket, and can be used either as a fishing rod or a fire-arm, and is highly prized by Mr. Grant.

Capt. John C. Callbreath and George Richardson have gone down to Mr. Callbreath's hatchery at McHenry Inlet. Mr. Callbreath is the pioneer hatchery man of Alaska. His theory is that all salmon eventually return to the stream from which they were liberated when young fry. For the past thirteen years he has been turning loose from two to seven millions, annually; but so far there have been no evidences of their return. He believes they will come, however, and so anxious is he to watch the result this year, that he has gone to watch his stream when his friends tried to prevail upon him to go to the hospital below to have his eyes treated. We sincerely hope that the fondest hopes of this old veteran may be realized.

The Clatawa crew say that Klawack celebrated the "glorious 4th" in the most approved fashion. They had two brass bands to furnish plenty of good music; there were running, jumping and other sports, and the festivities wound up with a grand (stag) ball in the evening.

The Wrangell Robe Tannery will tan your Furs and Hides properly.
E. West & P. Haurch.

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
WRANGEL, ALASKA.

A man's first attack of love seldom lasts long, but he remembers it all his days.

It looks as though the Czar made his first attempt at suicide when he decided to go to war with Japan.

Mr. Carnegie's determination to give money only to small colleges will naturally make the big colleges feel small.

An Oxford professor—Oxford, mind you—says 50 per cent of the people of England are merely bleached negroes. Wow! And likewise gee!

There is something highly amusing in the Duke of Manchester, who captured an American heiress, decrying the American race for wealth.

It's a case of mutual admiration between Ida M. Tarbell and the people of Kansas. They have at least one trait in common—they do things.

To a man who is accustomed to defending himself it seems strange that John D. Rockefeller usually deputizes a lawyer to formulate his replies.

A French scientist has figured out that the human beings of the future will be legless. Cheer up! This means, among other things, that there will be no musical comedy in the future.

Husbands who are brave enough will repeat to their wives the opinion of Mrs. Craigie, the writer, who says that woman is unfair and unjust by nature and was never intended to govern man.

"Every religious body in the United States was represented in the Rough Riders ranks," says the President. The regiment's record, however, was not made on the strength of its piety.

If Uncle Russell Sage is worth only \$25,000,000 many of the uncharitable things that have been said about him will have to be taken back. Everybody supposed he was in comfortable circumstances.

The banker who steals money—or does a banker always embezzle?—to give to the Wall street sharks is if anything a shade easier than the banker who loans to a woman who can offer no tangible collateral.

Dewey's birthplace, which was valued at \$10,000 a few years ago, is now regarded as being worth less than the mortgage of \$2,500 that somebody has on it. The public can lose a lot of interest in a hero in the course of six or seven years.

So far, the men who expectorate upon the sidewalks have been solely to blame for the spread of disease from that source. But here comes a Washington bacteriologist who would fix at least a part of the blame upon the women who wear long skirts.

A contemporary says of Marshal Oyama that if his equal exists anywhere in the world no one is aware of his presence. Ignorance of the coming military man has been not infrequently noted in the world's history. How many individuals outside the Prussian general staff had heard of Moltke before 1890? How many Americans on Jan. 1, 1891, had ever heard of U. S. Grant, formerly a captain in the regular army, of William T. Sherman or Philip H. Sheridan. The coming military man may to-day be quietly carrying on regimental duties or hidden from the world in some staff department. He may be German or French or American, and it is safe to say that he will be a surprise wherever he appears.

The perennial seeker of exercise and the procrastinator who is always going to begin next week would find relief in a bit of advice which would have for a major premise the fact that the mighty muscles of the professional strong man are not only unnecessary to the man whose occupation requires no high degree of muscular development and for a minor premise the other fact that to such a man such a development is absolutely injurious. The training habit, once acquired, is hard to break. If broken it is found that the exercise which piled up muscle has so added to the capacity and demands of the stomach that visceral degeneracy is a good deal worse than muscular degeneracy. "Moderate exercise" is the thing the physicians prescribe. But neither physician nor strong man nor physical culturist has yet told us what moderate exercise is.

The irresistibility of coachmen has again been brought prominently before the public by the success of James Haver in segregating the affections of Nancy Carnegie. Of course, as Andrew Carnegie remarks, a good coachman is a better match than a worthless duke. But so is a good butler. Why is it that women of fortune discriminate against the butler? Why do they discriminate against the flunky? Why is it that time after time, as the files of the newspapers demonstrate, they turn aside from the flunky and the butler and pour out their souls at the feet of the man who drives the horses? Perhaps the horses furnish the explanation. Horses are noble animals. All persons who are associated with them share in their nobility.

The medieval squire used often to find favor with his master's daughter. He might have had a harder time of it, if instead of being a manager of fiery steeds he had been assigned to the passing of plates or to the announcing of guests. Jehu is one of the most popular of Biblical characters. He drove like nothing in heaven or in earth, but much like something below the earth. Consequently he has been held in high esteem and has immortalized not only himself but his father. Everybody knows and loves Jehu, the son of Nimshi. He would be a vain person who would attempt to prescribe rules or explanations for the striking of lightning or for the striking of love, but the enviable record of coachmen in the matter of required affections is such as to justify at least the guess that his majesty, the horse, has something to do with the case.

The United States of America is a great magnet. It draws to itself by the moral power of attractiveness all the ambitious and enterprising of all the world. It does not invite immigration as do many countries of the newer world. It no longer holds out the promise of cheap lands or unusual opportunity. Nevertheless the hosts of Europe come. Canada has millions of acres of cheap arable lands. And Canada makes every effort to attract settlers. She offers free homesteads and extraordinary facilities. But the people of Europe are not attracted. As many as one-eighth of Canada's present population come to the United States every year. Other countries have cheap lands—the South American States, Australia and New Zealand. The latter country ought to be very attractive to the wage worker. But the people of the crowded East do not go to these countries in large numbers. What is the magnetic influence that pulls the foreigner to our shores? First, perhaps, is the desire to get away from class restrictions—the desire of men and women to be free. The great republic offers them liberty of speech and action. Second, we are a big success in this country. Despite its weaknesses and failures Washington's republic is the biggest successful enterprise in the world. It is wealthy, powerful. Big, successful things attract. So that when men and women aspire for better conditions they aspire in this direction. They believe they have a chance to make more of themselves, and of their children, here than elsewhere. The moral attractive force of the republic is like that peculiar form of polarity in the lodestone that exerts magnetic influence.

Chinese Pity Sea Turtle.

A self-constituted Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals created a temporary excitement in what otherwise would have been a quiet morning along the water front. A native fisherman caught a splendid specimen of a sea turtle at Pearl Harbor and brought it to town. It was one of the biggest things of its kind ever seen in Honolulu. The Hawaiian was immediately surrounded by a crowd of water front habitués, including Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian stevedores, deep-sea and coasting sailors, a steamship company's president, numerous custom house brokers and what not besides. The native wanted to make his way with his turtle to some local hotel, but the Chinese entered a strong objection to the proposed transportation of the crustacean into steaks and soup. They then and there formed a hut and made up the \$5 demanded by the fisherman for the turtle among themselves and acquired the animal. Sea lawyers freely offered advice to the members of the hut, setting forth the pecuniary benefits which will be theirs by taking the turtle to the Waikiki aquarium or the Kaimuki zoo, but the Chinks would have none of it. Their sympathies for a suffering animal had been aroused and they were firm in their intention of giving it its liberty. They carried it to the Irmgard wharf in the presence of a large crowd and threw it in the harbor, where the turtle made a quick dive for the bottom.

It was a 250-pound animal, and Captain Larsen, of the Sailors' Union, and Frank Harvey shed tears of regret at the loss of such a toothsome morsel.—Honolulu Bulletin.

Circumstantial Evidence.

At a lawyer's dinner the subject of circumstantial evidence was discussed. One lawyer, says the New York Tribune, said that the best illustration of circumstantial evidence as proof was in a story he had recently heard.

A young and pretty girl had been out walking. On her return her mother said:

"Where have you been, my dear?"

"Only walking in the park," she replied.

"With whom?" pursued her mother.

"No one, mamma," said the young girl.

"No one?" her mother repeated.

"No one," was the reply.

"Then," said the older lady, "explain how it is that you have come home with a walking stick when you started with an umbrella."

It's a Hard World.

"My one and only suit," said the hard-luck philosopher, "failed to keep me warm during the winter and I suppose that through the approaching summer it will also fail to keep me cool. Such is life."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Tolstol Postal Cards.

Picture post cards are subjected to a stern censorship in some continental countries. In Russia those bearing the portrait of Tolstol have been suppressed.

The only good time some women have is in telling their aches to the doctor.

OLD Favorites

Dublin Bay.

They sailed away in a gallant bark.
Roy Neal and his fair young bride;
They had ventured all in that bounding ark.

That danced o'er the silvery tide;
But their hearts were young and spirits light,
And they dashed the tears away
As they watched the shore recede from sight.

Of their own sweet Dublin Bay.

Three days they sailed when a storm arose,
And the lightning swept the deep;
When the thunder crash broke the short repose.

Of the weary sailor's sleep.
Roy Neal he clasped his weeping bride,
And he kissed the tears away.

"Oh, love, 'twas a fearful hour," he cried,
"When we left sweet Dublin Bay."

On the crowded deck of the doomed ship
Some fell in their mute despair,
But some more calm, with a holier lip,
Sought the God of storm in prayer.

"She has struck on a rock," the seamen cried,
In the depth of their wild dismay;
And the ship went down with that fair young bride.

That sailed from Dublin Bay.
—Mrs. Crawford.

The World Is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn.

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

—William Wordsworth.

At Parting.

Until we meet again! That is the meaning
Of the familiar words that men repeat
At parting in the street.

Ah, yes, till then, but when death intervenes
Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
We wait for the again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it who must stay,
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,

We shall not find in its accustomed place
The one loved face.
—Longfellow.

TOWN PRAYS FOR GIRL BAND.

Five Norfolk Society Damsels Leave Home to Go on Stage.

Three weeks ago Miss Tessie Dixon was a demure young teacher in Norfolk's public schools, says a Norfolk (Neb.) special to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. To-day, dressed in a flaming suit of red, with big brass buttons, she parades the streets of a southern city, playing a long slide trombone for life (and so much "per"), while with her are four other Norfolk society girls.

For the girls have gone on the stage. They held by Maud Adams nor Ellen Terry, but they did want to get out in the world and see "sights" which were not afforded by a country town. There were five of them—all chums, Gertrude Austin, Morna Dixon, Tessie Dixon, Lydia Wheeler and Maude Mayhew were their names and they were as pretty and as well brought up as any set of girls in northern Nebraska.

Their parents were well-to-do and the girls held high positions in the local society.

They were musically inclined and about a year ago, with the assistance of a number of other girls in their own class, formed a brass band—"Norfolk's Ladies' Band." It was called, and it was a good one, too.

The girls became proficient and in time they were engaged by the manager of the opera house to furnish the music at the theater. It was great fun—and they got to meet all the actors, too.

But a few weeks ago the Chase-Lister company played a week's engagement in Norfolk. The manager liked the playing of the girls—and, incidentally, their good looks. He offered the whole bunch—or band, rather—engagements for the entire season. The company was going South, making a tour of the smaller cities throughout Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and other Southern States.

The girls went wild. There wasn't much money in the job, but the fun and adventure promised was worth struggling for. "Would they accept?" "Yes, they would."

But the mammas and papas decreed otherwise. "Our daughters go on the stage? No, they won't."

And the sweethearts of the girls, they, too, objected. Several of the girls were engaged and the combined influence of the prospective grooms was added to the weight of the "kicks" of the parents.

The girls began to waver. First one, then another, deserted the ranks of the

band, until there remained just five, who said they were determined to go "on the stage." The prayers of the parents and the upbraidings of the sweethearts were outweighed by the glittering promises of the theatrical manager—especially when the girls saw the nice, nobby new uniforms in which they would be bedecked.

Secretly every girl in town envied the "Jolly five" when their time came to leave town. Dressed in their red uniforms, the girls were escorted to the depot by their parents and friends.

In the end the parental consent was obtained by the five who were steadfast to the faith and at the depot the mothers and fathers gave their blessing and the train pulled out.

But the older residents of the town, fearful of the temptations which beset the theatrical profession, have asked the prayers of the church for the girls.

So strong became the religious feeling for the welfare of the "Theater Girls" (as they are now known) a special prayer meeting was held one night, the entire time being given up to petitions for the absentees. But the girls don't believe they need any prayers. They write back to their friends here that they are having the time of their lives and say they intend to stay by the theatrical business as long as they live.

WAR'S CASUALTIES ENORMOUS.

Number of Killed and Wounded in 1904 Will Exceed 400,000.

Ascertaining losses by war operations is a very difficult task, and yet approximate results have been secured, says Leslie's Weekly. It is noteworthy, but no occasion for surprise, that the number killed and wounded in war during 1904 greatly exceeds that of 1903 by reason of the sanguinary contest between Japan and Russia, in which lives have been recklessly sacrificed.

The total loss for the year is about 400,000, as compared with 36,000 in 1903, 25,000 in 1902 and 3,000 in 1901.

The total losses in the Russo-Japanese war have not been officially stated, but from the most reliable unofficial accounts they will amount to at least 370,000. Other losses have been as follows:

Armenia, including massacres, 7,594; Tibet, 6,492; Philippines, 3,239; Sumatra, 2,379; Africa, 3,714; Uruguay, 2,035; Macedonia, 820; Santo Domingo, 240; Bulgaria, 239; Morocco, 50; Arabia, 40.

Wellington used to say that it was impossible to tell the number of men lost by the French. Nevertheless he put 30,000 or 40,000 as the number on both sides killed at Waterloo. Sanguinary as has been the recent fighting between the Russian and Japanese armies, the results are less terrible than those of that day. Experience is teaching us that, numerous as are the weapons of modern make, the actual mortality in the battles of to-day is not as heavy as in the time when armaments were not, on paper, so deadly.

At Leipzig, where 400,000 men were engaged, 90,000 men were lost. At Sedan there were 430,000 men, of whom the Prussians lost 1,147 officers and 8,794 men, and the Austrians 30,000.

At Borodino there were 74,000 casualties; at La Belle Alliance 61,000. In our Civil War the greatest battle was at the Wilderness, where of the 142,000 Federals, one-seventh were lost, and of the 52,000 Confederates a corresponding proportion. Deadlier still was Pittsburg Landing, where General Grant lost 25 per cent of his men.

Father of Pressed Steel.

The pressed steel industry, which is one of the largest in the country to-day, was born in a little cooper shop not far from St. John and Buttonwood streets, in Philadelphia.

Charles J. Schoen, who is literally the father of this business, was engaged in Philadelphia following the occupation of a cooper and presided over a little plant at which he constituted the entire force of workmen.

While doing this he conceived the idea of making a doorstop for railroad cars, which at once forced itself into popularity with car builders and was generally adopted. It was an instant success, for the reason that it was extremely simple and at the same time effective, holding the door open by a spring in the floor of the car.

The demand for these devices soon overtaxed the capacity of the little cooper shop and in casting about for some quicker means of making the things the idea of pressing them out of steel was hit upon. From this humble beginning pressed steel was soon found available for other purposes in car building, and to-day the entire freight car, including the wheels, is made in this manner, no wood entering into the construction whatever.

A Stickler for Promptness.

A certain merchant in Boston is noted for being a stickler in the matter of promptness, to the extent that he has been known to walk out of church because the services did not begin promptly, and to leave his sister alone in a strange city because she was four minutes late in keeping an appointment. Not long ago he overheard a forceful exposition of his peculiarity.

He had walked out to his stable and was about to go in when he heard the new groom within say to the coachman, "Is it true, Dolan, that the boss is cracked about doing things on time, and goes into a fit when anybody is late?"

"Thru! Thru!" cried Dolan. "Let me tell you, Ryan, how true it is. If the boss had promised to mate himself at eleven o'clock and was late, he'd find himself gone when he got there. That's how true it is!"

Gossip has wonderful acoustic properties.

TO BUILD A BIG DAM.

GREATEST IRRIGATION RESERVOIR IN THE WORLD.

With Power Plants Also Under Construction Reclamation Project Will Cost \$3,200,000 and Will Supply Water for More than 200,000 Acres.

The secretary of interior recently let the contracts for the largest irrigation reservoir dam in the world.

It is to be called the Roosevelt dam. Near it is a new town, also called Roosevelt. Both are situated in Arizona, about seventy miles above Phoenix, on the Salt River, near its junction with Tonto Creek.

The dam is the main feature of one of the largest of the government irrigation projects. It is located in a canyon of the Salt River, just below its junction with the small tributary above named. It will be 270 feet high, 210 feet long, 165 feet thick at the base, and 16 feet wide on top.

This dam will create a lake twenty-five miles long and between a mile and a half and two miles in width—the largest artificial reservoir in the world. It will be constructed of "broken range cyclopean rubble" and Portland cement. The stone of which it will be built will be quarried from the walls on each side of the canyon. It is contemplated that work on the structure shall be carried on continuously day and night.

Free Electricity.

Electricity for night work will be furnished free by the government. The waters of the Salt River have been temporarily harnessed to an electric power plant, which develops 4,400 horse-power, by means of a turbine, under a head of 220 feet fall. The power thus developed runs a cement mill and does all the hoisting, drilling, digging, etc., for the construction of the dam.

The cement mill is located about 1,500 feet from the dam site, and has been equipped with all the most modern machinery for making Portland cement. Clay is taken from the ground within a mile from the mill, and one corner of the mill stands on a bed of limestone, which is one of the principal ingredients. Close at hand are the sand and other materials from which bricks, as well as cement, may be

made. The mill has a capacity of 300 barrels a day. It is estimated that 200,000 barrels of cement will be needed to build the dam.

An Important Adjunct.

Another very important adjunct to this big work is a wagon road which has been built from Roosevelt to Globe, the nearest town, forty miles distant. Another road, three miles in length, was built, leading to the timber in the Sierra Ancha, where about 1,000,000 feet of timber has been saved for use in the work.

Some idea of the difficulty encountered in the construction of the road to Globe may be inferred from the fact that in some places, where it traverses the Salt River canyon, it is cut through solid rock sixty to seventy feet deep, while Fish Creek hill is climbed at the base of vertical cliffs.

Steam Dredge Derrick.

600 feet high, where rock cuts sixty and seventy feet deep and fills of an equal height were necessary. Some portions of the road cut at the rate of \$25,000 a mile. During the short period while it was under construction 400,000 pounds of freight were hauled over it.

To Use Hydraulic Gates.

The waters of this Roosevelt dam will be controlled by the largest hydraulic gates ever built. With their controlling mechanism, they will weigh 800,000 pounds. When the reservoir is full, they will be capable of discharging 10,000 cubic feet of water a second. They will regulate the supply of water in canals fifty miles away.

The gates are to stand at the head of a 500-foot tunnel which has been driven through the side of the canyon, and through which the waters of the Salt and Tonto Rivers will be diverted while the dam is being built. It is estimated that the dam will be completed in about two years.

The excess water from the enormous reservoir will be sent through pipes into water wheels or turbines, and the power generated will be taken sixty to seventy miles distant to centrifugal pumps, by which other water will be raised to higher planes in the Salt River valley. It is estimated that each horse-power developed will irrigate ten acres, at a distance of sixty

HOW CARNEGIE LIBRARIES ARE DISTRIBUTED.



MAP SHOWING DISTRIBUTION OF CARNEGIE LIBRARIES.

Because a generous man built a library which enabled him to read, Andrew Carnegie promised himself that, should he become rich, he would devote his lifetime to building libraries so that all might have the benefit of books.

He has built 1,352 libraries, scattered over every part of the earth, in every English speaking community, in New Zealand and New York, Texas and Scotland.

Only two States in the Union have no Carnegie libraries. They are Rhode Island and Arkansas. Illinois has 69 libraries, New York has 120, but this is because of the many branches built in New York City. Iowa has 54, California 46, Texas 20, Indian Territory 2, Arizona 3, New Mexico 2, Kansas 16, Nebraska 9, Indiana 39, Massachusetts 21 and Pennsylvania 34.

The number of library buildings built by Mr. Carnegie in the United States is 671, and these when finished will serve more than 18 per cent of the population. They represent an expenditure of \$29,807,980.

The amount given by Mr. Carnegie outside the United States is \$10,693,540.

miles. An area of no less than 50,000 acres is to be reclaimed by this subsidiary power project.

Estimated Cost of Dam.

The estimated cost of the dam and power plants will be \$3,200,000. Upward of 200,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Phoenix will be reclaimed. Most of this land is now in private ownership. In fact, practically all the land which will be furnished by the gravity system—that is, without pumping—is embraced in the lands of the Water Users' Association, a voluntary organization of the settlers who are to be benefited by this work, and which has pledged 200,000 acres to the government to guarantee the repayment of the cost of the work. The land to be reclaimed by pumping is still public domain, and it is not likely

forated paper is the cause of the typewriter keys going down and the hammers containing the letters striking the telegraph form and producing letters and words.

One of the effects of the use of this instrument, provided it be found ultimately to come up to expectations, would be a great saving of time, as a wire would be capable of carrying four or five times as many words as at present, and fewer persons would consequently be required to perform the work. Any person able to operate a typewriter can transmit messages by the new system.

THE WOMEN ALL PEEPED.

They Fell Victims to Proverbial Curiosity of Their Sex.

"I witnessed rather interesting scenes, or, I should say, a series of events, in front of a well-known business house the other day," said the man who keeps an eye open for the curious happenings of the day, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and it presents one of the interesting phases of the average woman's temperament.

"There was a large pasteboard funnel placed in the show window of the business place. The small end of the funnel was placed toward the street and there was an opening just about large enough to accommodate the eye. On a placard around the opening was written in bold letters: 'For Men Only.' The large end of the funnel ran back about eighteen inches or two feet. By pressing the eye against the glass of the window at the opening in the small end you could see what was on the inside. What was it?"

"A shy little woman came along, stopped and glanced at the sign. She looked around, up and down the street, and then started on. But she could not leave without glimpsing into the funnel. Thinking she was not watched, she made a bold dash for the show window, pressed the eye against the glass and beheld all there was to see. Her ears reddened somewhat as she hurried away from the window. What had she found in the funnel?"

"Directly another woman came along, went through nearly the same routine, blushed, smiled and hurried along. I saw at least a dozen women go up against the same game, and in each case the woman seemed to make an effort to keep from peering into the funnel. But they could not resist the sign, 'For Men Only.' It was simply another case of woman's curiosity. The ruse was clever, and attracted more women than would have been reached by some duller plan. No, there was nothing shocking to be seen. The house was simply exploiting a certain kind of artificial leg, and I guess this is why some of the shy women blushed a bit behind the ears when they read the advertisement."

Verdict of the Coroner.

Records of the ancient city Gorgona, founded in 1640, better known at the present time as York Harbor, Me., contain many quaint and unusual stories of the early life of the town.

At the entrance to York Harbor a bold promontory known as Stage neck extends some distance into the sea, from which formerly in stormy weather a temporary light in the form of a lantern hoisted upon an upright pole was displayed as a warning to mariners.

One dark winter night a sloop was wrecked on these rocks. A survivor on being questioned about the catastrophe said:

"The vessel struck, turned over on her side and the skipper and another barrel of whisky rolled overboard."

The local coroner was summoned and this somewhat startling verdict was returned:

"We find that the deceased fell from the masthead and was killed; he rolled overboard and was drowned; he floated ashore and froze to death and the rats ate him up alive."—Harper's Weekly.

"What? Fell down stairs? How did it happen?" "Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John.' And I'm not the man to be dictated to by any woman, so down I went."

IN SEARCH OF LIVINGSTONE'S TREE

Mr. Weatherly, the explorer, has just returned from Africa, where he has been for eleven years, the only white man among hosts of blacks. In that long period he has had many thrilling adventures, says the London Daily News. He has succeeded in making corrections on the map of the interior of the dark continent and in discovering the spot where the heart of the great Livingstone was buried, the locality of which had been lost. He has been instrumental in raising a permanent memorial to the famous missionary, in place of the decayed tree which marked the site, and he has brought back to the British Museum that part of the tree which bore the original inscription, cut by the natives, who loved and mourned their white chief.

My object, says Mr. Weatherly, was to circumnavigate Bangweulu lake and to find the spot where Livingstone's heart was buried. Grave, the American who died while attempting to find the tree, was the last man who had any accurate idea where it was. I accomplished both tasks. Old Mshato, the chief who helped me find the Livingstone tree, told me a strange story. He remembered Livingstone, who, he averred, was shot. Everybody, he said, knew that it was so.

One of my greatest friends was Mwenge, a chief, but it was some time before we understood each other. He had never seen white men, but had heard of them, and when I sent word I was coming, he grew much alarmed. When I went to his tent he rushed out, and, seizing me by the arm, slashed his ax over my head into a tree behind me. The next minute he pulled up my shirt sleeve to see if my arm was white. That gave me time to tell him he might kill me if he wanted to, but that it would be more interesting not to.

I also had a "scary" greeting from Kasoma, a much-dreaded chief. I set out by boat to visit him, with nine men. When we neared the village, and two thousand armed men rushed to the edge of the lake, I found we had left our rifles behind us. With my heart in my mouth, I jumped ashore alone. As I stood before the chief I could see his heart throbbing in his naked chest, and I knew he was in as bad a way as I myself.

"Good morning! How do you do?" I shouted. The chief gave a signal, and I put my hands in my pockets to meet the end calmly. The same moment the chief and every man clapped their hands in unison, knelt down and bowed their heads.

After all, a little bluff is a great help in dealing with natives. I stood once surrounded by four hundred men who had rifles, each waiting either for me to move or for his neighbor to begin the firing. I got one of the men to bring me a shot-cartridge, and, opening it, I sent the handful of shot to the chief, with the message that he would be more likely to hit me if he used that instead of a bullet. The joke set the whole lot laughing.

CLOVER ENRICHES A SOIL

When Plowed Under Green, It Is an Excellent Fertilizer.

A bulletin from the central experiment farm, Ottawa, Ont., contains a discussion of the profitableness of growing and turning of clover crops. Extensive experiments in this line have been carried on at that farm for a period of over eight years, and the results gathered therefrom contain a considerable amount of practical information and data. The advantages derived from plowing under clover are briefly stated by the station as follows:

1. There is an enrichment of the soil by the addition of nitrogen obtained from the atmosphere.
2. There is an increase in the store of available mineral plant food, phosphoric acid, potash and lime in the surface of the soil taken by the clover in part from depths not reached by the shallower root systems of other farm crops.
3. There is a large addition of humus, whereby the soil is made more retentive of moisture, warmer and better aerated, conditions favorable to vigorous crop growth. Humus also furnishes the material best adapted for the development of these forms of germ life that act so beneficially in the soil.
4. As an agent for deepening and mellowing soils no crop gives such satisfactory results as clover.
5. Clover serves a useful purpose as a catch crop during the autumn months, when the ground would be otherwise bare, retaining fertilizing material brought down by the rain, and also that formed in the soil during the summer months, much of which would otherwise be lost through the leaching action of rains.
6. As shown conclusively by the particulars obtained by careful experiments over a number of years with the more important farm crops the plowing under of green clover has a most marked effect in increasing the soil's productiveness.

Ad Libitum.

Thomas F. Somers loves to tell of his early experiences as a drummer. One night he had to stay over in a very small town in the far South; he confided to the woman who ran the hotel that he was very fond of buttermilk. At supper she brought in a huge jar of it, set it on the table in front of him and said: "Go ahead and drink all you want to. We don't keep no pig."

MISS MARIA DUCHARME.

Every Woman in America Is Interested in This Young Girl's Experience.



MISS MARIA DUCHARME, 182 St. Elizabeth St., Montreal, Can.

PELVIC CATARRH WAS DESTROYING HER LIFE—PERRU-NA SAVED HER.

Miss Maria Ducharme, 182 St. Elizabeth street, Montreal, Can., writes: "I am satisfied that thousands of women suffer because they do not realize how bad they really need treatment and feel a natural delicacy in consulting a physician."

"I felt badly for years, had terrible pains, and at times was unable to attend to my daily duties. I tried to cure myself, but finally my attention was called to an advertisement of Perru-na in a similar case to mine, and I decided to give it a trial."

"My improvement began as soon as I started to use Perru-na and soon I was a well woman. I feel that I owe my life and my health to your wonderful medicine and gratefully acknowledge this fact."—Maria Ducharme.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Don't you know, little boy, that you shouldn't fish on the Sabbath day? Tommy Toddles: "I ain't a-fishin', boss; I'm jus' teachin' worms how ter swim."—Chicago Chronicle.

"I see it stated here that the Sultan wears an iron undershirt." "Say, I wish I had one like it to send to my laundry. I'd like to get even with 'em once in a while."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hester—I hear that Bessie's engagement with Fred Simmons is broken off. Too bad, isn't it? Grace—But she's going to keep the diamond ring. Hester—Oh, I didn't hear of that.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

The Day's Need.—The day's need is that a man should think for himself, decide for himself, and greater than all, be himself.—Rev. H. F. Hall, Methodist, Baltimore, Md.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Plain Grubbing.—"How do you account for Hustler's astounding success?" "That's easy; he never had the advantages of the ordinary boy."—Illinois State Journal.

A certain man was flirting with a certain girl. "Don't hold her hand," a friend advised him; "she'll tell."

Khaki-Khaki
We have in stock a fine lot of government Khaki coats and pants which we are selling for \$2.75 a suit. They are just what you want for hunting, mining, fishing, camping, prospecting, ranching and lumbermen.

W. S. Kirk, 1209 1st Ave., SEATTLE.

We have a large list of improved and unimproved farm lands in this State that we can sell on small payment; long time on balance. Tell us when you want to locate.

E. C. BYERS & CO., 327 Arcade Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

Boys! Wake Up!
You can make from \$15 to \$25 weekly at the barber's trade in the cities. Write for our proposition at once and let us help you out of the rut.

SEATTLE BARBER COLLEGE, 121 Washington St., Seattle, Wash.

SPECIAL FOR TEN DAYS
Send your name and address and I will send you a sample of Trout Flies FREE. Dealer in all kinds of Sporting Goods.

A. L. HALL 1111 First Avenue, SEATTLE, WASH.

EASTERN Washington Wheat Lands and Irrigated Lands for sale or exchange. What have you for sale or exchange?

O. W. BROWN, 415 Pacific Block, Seattle, Wash.

BASE BALL SUITS
Made to Order
Write us for prices
C. C. FILSON CO., 1011 First Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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Science AND Invention

Bees are attracted to flowers by the bright colors. The experiments of Miss J. Verry, a Belgian naturalist, prove that perfume has much less attraction, and that honey has none at all.

Scopolamine, the new anaesthetic from a Japanese plant, is administered by hypodermic injection and induces a deep sleep for eight or nine hours. It is claimed to have absolutely no after effects.

China has just granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nankin, the old capital of the Chinese empire, who calls his lamp the "bright moonlight" and asserts that it is far superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities.

Certain French astronomers have recently come to the conclusion that the solidification of the moon extends from the surface to the center, and not, as the American scientists think, from the center to the periphery. This view would modify various existing theories. Their conclusion is drawn from the examination of photographs executed at the observatory for reproduction in the new lunar atlas.

The British postoffice has entered into an agreement with the Marconi company whereby messages are now received at any telegraph office in the United Kingdom for transmission from the wireless coast stations to ships at sea fitted out with the Marconi apparatus. The cost is sixpence a word, but no message consisting of less than twelve words is accepted, making the minimum cost for a message 6s. 6d. No one can use a wireless telegraph system in Great Britain without authorization by the postmaster-general.

A gramophone which, it is said, can be heard at a distance of three miles is a late invention. The instrument is named the aurophone and is worked by means of compressed air. This is pumped in by a small engine at a pressure which can be adjusted up to over eight pounds, through a small valve, which takes the place of the ordinary diaphragm, into the trumpet. The valve consists of a number of small slots, covered with a fine comb, not unlike a mouth organ, and the vibration of this comb produces the sound. On a calm, windless day it is estimated that, with a high pressure, the record could be distinctly heard three miles away.

The ability of some of the most minute of the earth's inhabitants to produce striking changes on the face of the land, which Darwin showed was characteristic of earth worms, has recently been appealed to in attempting to account for the curious natural mounds seen in Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas. The creatures to whose agency these mounds are provisionally ascribed are white ants, or termites, supposed to have abounded in the south central United States at some former period, when a warmer and moister climate prevailed there. In Cuba, the ants, or leaf-cutting ants, at present build mounds ten or twelve feet high, and in western Texas their mounds are sometimes forty or fifty feet in diameter, although only one or two feet in height. The ant theory is regarded by Mr. A. S. Veatch as, upon the whole, preferable to the suggestions which have been made that the mounds in question were formed either by springs and gas vents, or by the action of the wind.

ROOSEVELT CUTS LOOSE
Has Time of His Life in Reunion with Cowboys.

Before dinner the President held a reception, standing out under one of the big trees that line the gravel walk, says the San Antonio correspondent of the New York World. The rough riders came up one by one. The President called most of them by their first name. Occasionally he called a "Bill" or a "Jim" or thought "Hank" was "Tom," but usually he knew them before they were presented to him by Lieutenant Fortescue, who stood beside him.

"Hello, 'Ben'!" he shouted, as "Ben" Daniels sidled up. "If you hadn't been here I never would have forgiven you."

"Colonel," said George McCabe of Arizona, "do you remember when I stole that mess of green corn for you?" "Do I remember it?" exploded the President, slapping McCabe on the back. "Why, George, that was the best mess of green corn I ever had."

"I guess you don't remember me, do you?" asked Henry Bardshear, of Prescott, bashfully.

"Why, sure!" exclaimed the President. "It's Henry, isn't it?"

Then he turned to those around him and said: "Henry stole for me. He stole provisions from the quartermaster and one night he stole a poncho and a Spanish blanket. Say, Henry, we didn't sleep that night, for it rained, but we'd have been much colder if we hadn't had the blanket and the poncho."

Several of the troopers had been waiting for a chance to make a request.

"Colonel," said one, "we've got some of our women folks here. Can we present them?"

"Present them? Well, I should say you can. Bring them up."

The ladies were brought forward—a titting, embarrassed bunch. There were wives, daughters, mothers and sweethearts.

"Ladies," said the President, after

he had shaken hands with all of them, "you are the only ones I put before my Rough Riders."

Then he turned to the tickled men. "Boys," he continued, "I congratulate you on your good taste in selecting your wives and other female relatives. I certainly am proud of you."

Meanwhile Henry Bardshear had been standing around, first on one foot and then on the other. The President's eye fell on him.

"By Godfrey, Henry," he said, as he wrung the trooper's hand again, "I am glad you are here. You see," he explained, "Henry was my orderly for a time, and every time I was on the firing line he was there. Every time I stood up Henry stood up, too. He seemed to think that if I got shot it was his duty to get shot, too."

There was half an hour of this sort of greeting, all personal, and then the party sat down to dinner. It was a camp dinner, cooked in camp ovens and served with camp dishes. There were a pot roast of beef, corn, peas, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

The President fell to with an appetite that apparently was voracious. He had two helpings of beef, and ate so much bread and butter that Secretary Loeb was obliged to replenish the plate three times.

There are funny people, not to say, pernickety, who think the word "bully" is vulgar. He said he was "bully" when a rough rider asked him how he felt, how he liked his reception, what he thought of the city, the State, the country or the universe. Everything was "bully," and so was he. He laughed like a schoolboy on vacation. He let down in every way. The sentries around the fence were deaf to the pleadings of the crowd who wanted to get in, and the President, as he said himself, "played hooky" from being President for three hours, and had the time of his life.

INDIAN TREATMENT OF SICK.

Superstitious Ceremony that Is Often a Last Resort.

The trial in the federal court of Louis Brown, charged with the murder of Walter Richardson and Moses Pettigrew, brought to light an Indian superstition that was new to many people. Several years ago, when the famous Solomon Hotel witch killing case was tried in the same court, there was considerable evidence to show the belief of the Indians in witchcraft, and the testimony in the Brown case reveals an equally weird story.

One of the witnesses testified that the homicide for which Brown was tried occurred at a "pachofsha." In answer to inquiries as to the meaning of the word it was explained that a pachofsha is a feast and a part of the incantation and superstitious ceremony conducted over the sick by the lower class of ignorant Indians.

When a man is thought to be sick enough to require the services of a doctor he is put into a hut, and for three days no one except the doctor sees him. The doctor goes into the woods and gathers herbs, from which he prepares a potion for the sick man and then keeps a lonely vigil with him. At the end of the third day, if the patient is not improved, the order is given to prepare a pachofsha. Corn and meat, either beef, pork or game, are put in a large kettle and stewed until the corn is soft.

All the relatives of the sick man are entitled to attend, and they gather around the kettle for the feast. The sick man is brought out and served first. He is fed as much as his stomach can hold, and the others then turn in and devour the remainder of the stew. When this is concluded a bonfire is built and lighted, the crowd circles around and dances to the time of a weird chant. After this, if the sick man does not show signs of getting better, nothing more is done for him, and he dies or gets well by act of Providence.—Oklahoma Times-Journal.

Prisoner Proves Up Land.
Sheriff Nelson of Green County has taken to the Kansas penitentiary John F. Yates, a farmer, for the murder of William Hughes, a wealthy cattleman, last July.

Yates was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary in the District Court at Mangum three weeks ago, says the Kansas City Journal, but was allowed to prove up his homestead and provide for his family so they could live in comfort during the three years he is in the penitentiary.

Last Saturday night Yates went to Sheriff Nelson and said he was ready to begin his sentence. He was not manacled as he rode on the train on the way to Lansing, Kan., but sat in the seat with the Sheriff as any other citizen might.

The killing of Hughes was the result of an old free-range quarrel out in the new country. Yates was arrested and placed in jail. His bond was fixed at \$20,000, the judge thinking that amount would be more than would be raised in the county.

Yates was released on bond, however, before the end of the week. A group of farmers who were his friends qualified for more than twice that amount.

Judge Irwin announced the sentence, and asked Yates if he had anything to say. Yates said the sentence was just and that he would serve it.

He said, however, he lacked a short time of having proved up his homestead, and asked to be with his family two weeks longer. Judge Irwin granted the request.

Hink Talk.
Violet—I wonder if Charley Gayboy is a good skater.

Rose—Oh, yes, I think he must be. At least, I heard my brother say that he is an awfully high roller.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD Favorites

The Good Time Coming.
There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of inquiry
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger—
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger—
'Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.
—Charles Mackay.

A MODERN JEREMIAH

Most Picturesque Peer in England Is the Earl of Wemyss.

One of the most remarkable men in the British House of Lords is the venerable Earl of Wemyss, who enjoys

the distinction of being the only man who ever struck his sovereign's flag.

The incident occurred during a debate when the Earl was making a vehement harangue in favor of a militia ballot. The King—then the Prince of Wales—chanced to be occupying a seat in front of him.

Emphasizing one of his points with a magnificent gesture, the zealous peer brought his clenched fist down hard on the royal hat, bonneting his future ruler effectively. It was characteristic of the Earl that he did not allow the untoward incident to disturb the thread of his discourse, postponing his apologies to a more convenient season. But his royal highness displayed a great agility in getting out of range.

Though 80 years old last August, Lord Wemyss shows no signs of mental decrepitude. Tall, lean, willowy, burning with the fire of an unquenchable enthusiasm, gaunt and rugged in his oratory, his silver locks flying wild about his ears, the keen features sharpened by time and periodical conflict, he would pass in the kilt for some war-seamed Scottish chieftain, hero of a score of tales of border fray. He is a prophet of woe—a modern Jeremiah whose voice is filled with lamentations. He believes conscientiously that England is following in the "democratic bow-wow." Ever since he entered public life—and that was long before most of those now conspicuous in it were born—he has preached a doctrine of national pessimism.

He has the courage of his convictions at all times and is never bothered by considerations of consistency. He has proclaimed both communism and individualism. He once opposed the abtural inebriates bill in the House of Lords on the ground that every Englishman ought to be allowed to get drunk when it pleased him to do so.

In his own person he furnishes the best refutation of his jeremiads on national decadence. Though he long ago passed the age when most men are supposed to have something more than one foot in the grave, he is still sound in wind and limb; is a keen sportsman, hunts, fishes, drives his own motor car, makes speeches full of fire and vigor whenever the spirit moves him, writes books and beguiles what leisure he has left at his favorite hobby—Sculpture. When he was a lusty widower of 82 he married for the second time. He succeeded to his title and some 60,000 acres in Scotland in 1883. He had then been in the House of Commons for two and forty years. He helped Sir Robert Peel reform the corn laws, and for more than three score years has been in the thick of every parliamentary fight.

As a man gets older he is not only blamed for his own faults, but for those his wife finds the children inherited from him.

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Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

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SARSAPARILLA, PILLS, CHERRY PECTORAL.

"It is rather curious that within the last three years," says the Critic, "there should have been written three novels with Lord Byron as the hero. Miss Hallie Erminie Rivers, with her book, 'The Castaway,' was the first in the field of publication; but there was another in manuscript called 'The Maid of Athens,' by Miss Lafayette McLaws, which I believe is not yet published. Now comes Mrs. Humphry Ward with Lord Byron as her hero, and there is still another soon to be published. It is usually the way. A subject may lie dormant for years; then suddenly strike the brain of several writers at the same time."

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Home Fruit.—The very best of the fruit called manhood can be grown to richest ripeness only in the garden called home.—Rev. M. E. Harlan, Disciple, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Truth.—To know one little truth and live it is better than to know a hundred great truths—and write them down.—Rev. Frank Crane, Unitarian, Worcester, Mass.

Private Car Lines.
The railroads seem very willing to have the private car lines brought under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. A railroad president is authority for the statement that lines are paid mileage, without discrimination, and the question of excessive charges is a matter for the shipper to settle with the car lines, so long as there is no law to govern their rates. Car mileage paying has been decided to be as legal as the payment of rental for property.

The Old Theology.—I am done with that dreadful theology which pictured God as seeking His own glory at the expense of His creatures' welfare; as condemning for His own mere pleasure innocent children and ignorant savages to an eternal torment that presupposes eternal evil.—Rev. D. Mackay, Presbyterian, New York City.

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The air arising from low, marshy places, damp cellars, stagnant ponds and pools and from decaying vegetable matter, as well as the gases from sewers, is loaded with germs of malarial poison. The water we drink, that has not been properly filtered and purified, is also full of these germs and microbes, and as we daily breathe and drink millions of these into the system, to be absorbed by the blood, the entire body begins to feel the effects of the poison. The most common form of Malaria is "chills and fever," 913 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky. I. SHAFER.

But when the blood is thoroughly saturated with the poison it becomes so weak and polluted that abscesses, carbuncles, boils, sores, ulcers and other skin diseases result. Malaria also affects the liver, kidneys, bowels and stomach, producing a chronic state of biliousness that often results in jaundice or some malignant fever. In cases of Malaria the blood must be purified before the body can regain its natural health. S. S. S. contains purifying and tonic properties possessed by no other blood medicine, and is the ideal remedy for the treatment of Malaria. It destroys the germs of the disease and builds up the weakened, polluted circulation. It enters into the blood and forces out every particle of poison and waste matter and adds strength and activity to it. S. S. S. improves the appetite and digestion, tones up the entire system by its alterative and purifying action, and Malaria, with all its bad effects, is permanently driven from the system. Book on the blood and any medical advice, without charge. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

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CONSUMPTION

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905.

The people of the interior of Alaska are in dead earnest in the matter of pressing the needs of their section, in congress. SENTINEL believes there is a proper way to get our needs before the lawmakers and that is by appealing to those who through business must be the friends of this northland. From a business point of view the full congressional delegation from the state of Washington must most certainly be directly interested in the development and prosperity of Alaska. It is this district that has caused, to a great extent at least, the rapid strides of Washington during the past few years, by furnishing a market for the product of the field as well as the mill. It is Washington that will profit by every step of advancement made in this district that will cause an additional demand for what they wish to sell. Hence, it seems to us, that as the interests of the two sections are so closely allied, that our people can approach the representatives of that state without any feeling of timidity, and lay before them such matters as will be influential in pushing us ahead, and we believe they will give ear, not only from a reciprocal point of view, but because of their sincere friendship, as well. This is what the people of the interior are doing, and what Southeastern Alaska should do. Fairbanks has taken time by the forelock, has sent a man out to present a statement of their needs, and the delegation have met him, gave him their closest attention, and much good will result. It is several months yet until congress meets; but the work of preparation for effective effort should not be put off until the last moment. We of Wrangell want that cable line extended; we want a channel cut through the Dry Straits; we want a modification of the game laws; we want the hard-worked logger to pursue his labor without being burdened with an additional tax of 15c. per 1,000 or any other amount; we have other needs, and the proper thing to do is to move—not after congress meets, but now!

The Indian Problem.

BY HARRY P. CORSER.

Is there an Indian problem in Alaska? Most emphatically, yes! A look at most of the ledgers kept by our business men, will reveal a condition. There is in them an evidence of debt, debt, debt. In many cases the amounts are surprisingly high. Further, sad to relate, the conditions do not materially improve as we examine the accounts of most of those who come from our Indian schools. Boys and girls come from the schools with a smattering of white man's ways and education, but not enough to make it possible for them to compete with the white man in his occupations.

The jails also reveal another sad condition. There are altogether too many Indians in our jails. The number there is far out of proportion to the Indian population. Of course, we will admit that many times an Indian is put in jail when a white man for the same offense is allowed to go free. Possibly this is due to the fact that the members of one race are always more ready to see faults in members of other races than in themselves; but in spite of all this there are too many criminals among the Indians.

What are the reasons for these conditions? Why is it that so many Indians are not meeting successfully the demands of civilization upon them? The first reason is due to a condition which the writer observed among the coal miners of Pennsylvania. The company stores there would trust the miners, allowing them not only to mortgage their month's wages, but to mortgage the wages of many months ahead. The result was that miners often said: "What is the use of my saving or being economical? I can get what I want at the company store, whether I have the money or not." Has it been



WRANGELL, ALASKA.

750 miles from Seattle. Population, 800. Delightful climate both winter and summer. 30,000 per day saw mill; electric lights; 11 stores; fine schools; good churches. The town of totem poles. At the mouth of the Stikine River. Boats leave here for Telegraph Creek; also for West Coast, Prince of Wales points.

far different with the Indians? The store that indiscriminately trusts the Indian not only injures itself by piling up its bad accounts, but is doing the Indian a material and moral injury.

The next reason why so many Indians fail is Indian graft. Jamaica ginger selling, boot legging, and other forms of Indian graft, have done much, to keep the Indian down. Enforce the law in spirit and letter, which stops graft.

The third reason why we have an Indian question, is the Indian school. Nothing has been more noble than the motive back of the Indian school. But has the Indian school served its purpose? Has the Indian been taught those things which will better prepare him to earn his living in the country where his home is? Has he been taught how to log, how to handle engines and other machinery that is used in Alaska? Has he been taught boat-building? Has he been taught the best methods of handling and curing fish? Has he been taught how to handle and utilize the deer skins, so that they would not be thrown away as they are now? The answer in most every instance is, "No!" What is true about the large schools is much more true about the local schools. The government is about to erect a number of new school buildings in Alaska. What good will they do, unless there is a more thorough study of what an Indian school should be? It is an interesting fact that in the twenty years of Indian schools in Alaska, there has not been a time in which the Indian school teachers have been called together to consult about the better methods of doing their work. There has been no progress in the Indian schools.

There is a need of more efficient management, and the citizens of Wrangell should not fail to call Mr. Churchill's attention to this, when he visits Wrangell this fall. The Indian school question is one of the matters that he has been sent by the President to investigate, and let there be a united effort to bring the needs of the Indian before him.

Talk about the Dry Straits.



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It would seem that at this time of year, especially when it is cloudy (which is a greater portion of the time) it is as necessary to have lights as at any time. And yet we find the electric light plant shut down, the machinery lying idle and the town in darkness. This looks a trifle peculiar; and still there may be good reason for it. It may be that the proprietors are not receiving the encouragement they should; perhaps many of the patrons cut out the lights during the few long days; perhaps many are not taking lights that should. We know not if these be the reasons; but we do know that Wrangell's system of electric lights is one of the best on the coast, and is one of the greatest factors of civilization that has ever come to the town. It cost money to put it in; it costs money to maintain it, and if the people want it, they must show the operators that encouragement which is due and in return must and will receive the service they are paying for.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1905. Sealed Proposals for the construction of schoolhouses at Killisnoo, Wrangell, and Jackson, Southeastern Alaska, for teachers' residences at Ketchikan, Prince of Wales Island, and Sitka, Southern Alaska, and for schoolhouses with teachers' residences attached, at Dering, on the Arctic Coast, and Haines and Kake, in Southeastern Alaska, will be received at the Department until 5 o'clock P. M., Saturday, June 10, 1905, and will be opened immediately thereafter, in the presence of such bidders as may desire to attend. Blank forms of proposal, embracing specifications, may be obtained on application to the Department, or to the Commissioner of Education, where drawings showing details may be inspected. Plans and specifications may also be seen and obtained from Prof. William A. Kelly, at Sitka, Alaska; at Juneau and Douglas from Livingston F. Jones, of Juneau; and from the respective U. S. Commissioners at Ketchikan, Wrangell, Skagway, Seward, and Valdez, Alaska. May 28. E. A. HITCHCOCK, Secretary.

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